

THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME I.

ASHLAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

NUMBER 3.

THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

The Victim Bride.

BY MISS MARIETTA V. FULLER.

I stood in a shadowy hall:
Its fretted roof was high,
And gorgeous was its frescoed wall:
With many a splendid dye;
And many a banner, torn and red,
And stained with crimson gore,
Was hanging silent o'er my head,
Or drooping to the floor:
They once had fluttered o'er the dead,
But now might wave no more!

The moonlight stole, in a mellow flood,
Through the windows high and wide:
Its silver light seemed turned to blood,
On the banner by my side.
It came like a ghost thro' the window tall,
And many a shape it made,
As it crept upon the pictured wall,
Or on the pavement laid;
'Til strangely gleamed that lofty hall,
In mingled light and shade.

It almost made my blood grow chill,
To watch that moonlight strange:
It made my very heart stand still,
When its shifting shapes would change—
Those shifting shapes, so wild and clear,
That fell with icy gleam,
Amid the shadows dark and drear,
Which darker now did seem—
Those awful forms were full of fear,
And wilder than a dream.

Deep silence brooded in the air—
I could not hear a sound,
As, over floor and pictures rare,
That fitful light crept round:
But sudden through the hushed air rung
A shriek, a cry of woe,
As still, where drooping banners hung,
The light moved to and fro—
Aside the tapestry was flung
Which o'er the door did flow:

A being fair, with robes of snow,
Stood 'twixt me and the light:
The moonbeams on her form did glow,
So strangely, purely white;
Gems shone amid her raven hair,
And decked her form off grace;
Yet livid was her forehead fair,
And pallid was her face;
And lip and cheek no tint did wear—
The life-tide left no trace!

Of orange-flowers a lovely wreath
Lay on her pearly brow,
And yet the hue that beamed beneath
Was deathly whiteness now.
Her hands were clasped in deep despair—
Her fingers interwove;
Her garments fluttered in the air,
As still to fly she strove;
Yet terror chained her light foot fast,
And to the floor it clove.

A dark form glided to her side:
He seized her jewelled arm
With cruel grasp, and rudely cried,
"Dost think I mean thee harm?
Ah! now I have thee in my power—
All help is far away:
Now, now has come the wished-for hour—
The eagle has his prey!
Mine is thy hand, and mine thy dower—
This is a glorious day!

"Thy selfish guardian little thought,
When now he made thee mine,
That 'twas thy countless gold I sought,
To fill the place of mine.
Ay, lovely one! rememb'rest thou,
When I knelt at thy feet,
How scornful was thy beaming brow,
How proud thine eye of jet?
'Tis bitter thought of *then*, that now
Doth make revenge so sweet!

"Yes, thou art mine! and thou shalt e'er
Tortured and haunted be,
'Til every hope is turned to fear,
To make thy misery!
'Til wretchedness doth make thee pine
For death to ease thy pain,
Whilst every loathing thought doth twine
Like serpents in thy brain:
Their hissing tongues shall sound like mine,
To torture thee again!"

"Never!" burst from those lips of white:
Her eye was dark and clear—
It flashed like starlight through the night;
She showed no sign of fear,
Her heaving bosom rose and fell—
Her lip was curled in pride:
A glittering dagger told too well
She ne'er would be his bride!
Her arm was raised, and, when it fell,
Without a moan she died!

In horror, from the shadowy hall,
The bridegroom quickly fled:
He left the moonbeams on the wall
To creep above the dead!
And there, upon the marble floor,
The white-robed victim lay:
The snowy folds were stained with gore—
'Twas there the light did play,
And from that spot it moved no more,
Until the break of day.

Orange, March, 1847.

Original.

Lines on the Death of a Little Sister.

BY L. GRANGER.

THEY told me, sister, thou wast dead—
The blast had bowed the myrtle's head:
Oh! did thy spirit hover near,
And ask me, "Why not shed a tear?"
That tear was shed, the farewell given,
And bitter were my thoughts at even!

No, No!—I wept not, could not weep,
To hear that thou didst rest in sleep:
I felt my heaving soul its shrine

Would burst to join in heaven with thine:
How oft I've pressed thee to my breast,
And prayed to Heaven thou mightst be blest!

And thou art blest!—far from the strife,
The tumult of this restless life,
Where foes deride, and friends can frown
At those whom fortune may not crown:
Ay, thou art blest, where saints prolong
The spirit-filling, heavenly song.

The farewell given!—ah! must it be
To every thing that's dear to me?—
I look upon the morning flower,
Its beauty withers in an hour:
I catch the flute's sweet melody,
But something answers, "Not for thee!"

But mine is not a frantic grief,
For Hope brings sorrow some relief:
She seeks the chambers of the heart,
And forms of joy to music start.
My soul hath heaved its deepest sigh:
'Tis done—the fount of tears is dry!

Oh! ever hallowed be the day—
O'er it let Virtue hold her sway,
And purest Love her garland twine,
To crown the kneeling at her shrine—
That day of days, when heart to heart
Beat blissful love, why did we part?

Oh! why, when smiling in my arms,
Thy spirit of celestial charms
Looked brightly from its grosser mould,
As from its ore the glittering gold:
When heaven was kindled in my breast,
Why did we not then flee to rest—

That rest for which my being prays—
The home of thy angelic lays?
My soul is sad—it fain would leave
Its clay, "the vault of heaven to cleave."
To flee away and be at rest,
And be with thee forever blest.

Mansfield, Ohio, March, 1847.

Selected.

¶ When we cannot engage in an undertaking with the approbation of conscience we may be sure we are wrong if we proceed. A feeling of self-gratulation always accompanies an effort to do right, though it result in calamity to ourselves.

¶ Pride is an ingredient that is never found in exalted human nature. It is mixed in the composition of the weak-minded. Those who have a mind to employ, and a heart to improve, have no inclination to be proud.

¶ LIFE.—He that embarks on the voyage of life will always wish to advance, rather by the simple impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage while they lie waiting for the gale.—*Johnston*.

¶ The man who dies immensely rich dies a bankrupt to the books of benevolence. The fact proves that he has not lived as he ought. You shall learn, by giving freely, that there is a value in money which you never dream of.

THE STORY-TELLER.

Original.

RENA DI ALBULI—A TALE.

BY MRS PHILOMEL S. WEED.

"Twas a glorious moonlight scene in England—dear, old, merry England. Hill and dale, river and forest, were thrown together, by the hand of Nature, into the most enchanting panorama of beauty and loveliness. On the evening of which I would write, the whole seemed, indeed, the climax of beauty. Cynthia was pouring her brightest, mellowest beams upon the scene; and, lighted by her rays, the eye could view every object with as much distinctness, and far more pleasure than in the glare of sunlight. It was the hour of repose from the toil and bustle of busy life. No noise disturbed the quietness of the evening, save the chirrup of the cricket, or the song of the sweet-voiced nightingale. On an eminence, near the banks of the silver-waved Glosa, stood a building, half cottage, half farm-house, of more modern structure than most of those of that style then to be found in England. It was of a story and a half from the ground; yet, notwithstanding its lowliness, there were several rooms in the attic story.

Seated in one of these rooms, which served as a sleeping-apartment, was a girl of "sweet sixteen,"—certainly not more, judging from appearances. Her features were almost infantile in their expression of rare innocence and childlike beauty; yet there was much of womanhood on that imperial brow, and in the mellow lustre of those fine blue eyes. She was writing by a table, in the farthest end of the room, and, though it was the hour for retiring, she manifested no inclination of doing so, but continued writing.

Presently, she laid aside her paper, while an expression of weariness crossed her features, and approached the window. She gazed awhile upon the enchanting view, and then spoke aloud:

"Home! home! my own dear home! shall I never see thee again? Surely, my father will recall me without that dreadful consent. All is beautiful here—all is lovely; but it is not Italy. One day more will I wait, and then, if Ernest comes not, I will write to my father that I will forget him—no, not forget him—that were impossible; but that I will never see him more. Oh! Ernest, art thou deceiving me? Six moons have filled and waned since the appointed time for thy coming, and thou art not here. This lingering on, between doubt and hope, is less endurable than to know thee faithless."

But it is time we should know the name and history of our heroine. RENA DI ALBULI was the only daughter and child of the Count di Albuli, a rich and powerful noble of Italy. She had loved, since the first dawning of intellect had visited her childish mind, the young Ernest Mirandi, the son of a neighboring Count, of small fortune, yet high nobility. She had been betrothed, since her infancy, (although she knew it not till after she lost her heart to Ernest,) to her cousin, the son of her father's brother, a man of wealth, but not of principle. The large estates of the brothers joined, and their mercenary souls thought, by marrying their children, to keep their wealth in the family. Rena knew nothing of this; and, had she, her noble soul would have scorned the idea of giving her hand to one man while her heart was another's. Though young, yet could she see the evil principles and associations of the young Count di Albuli; and she determined, when the truth was made known to her, never to wed one so worthless.

In a long conversation with her father upon the subject, she made known her mind to him. His high temper could not brook being thwarted by a girl—a mere child, as he called her. She told him of her

deep, true love for Ernest Mirandi, and how he had besought her to let him sue her father for her hand.

"Girl, drive me not mad, lest I curse the hour of thy birth; for," added he, "rather than see you the wife of Mirandi, my own hands would rob you for the charnel-house. Know you not that his father is my greatest enemy? Know you not that he thwarted me in the love of my youth?—that he won the love of Ida de Lacy, after her hand had been promised me by her father? and, though I afterwards loved your mother and wedded her, I never have forgiven him! Girl, girl, beware! for, rather than see you his wife, I would set you for a mark for my own archers to shoot at!"

With these words, he strode from the apartment, leaving poor Rena entirely overcome by this unexpected opposition from her father. From that day, she was watched with Argus-eye, lest she should, by some means, hold conference with Ernest; and, being seen by one of the domestics in an interview with him, she was ordered by her father to prepare for a long journey.

"I am going to take you to England," he said, "and there you will remain till your reason returns, and you learn to obey your father. I have written to your old nurse, Eva, who is married and comfortably settled in England; and she is willing to receive you. You will take no attendant with you. No: the disobedient daughter of Count di Albuli shall minister to her own wants, in a distant country; while, by complying with my wishes, which would ultimate in your own good, the heiress of Count di Albuli, by repute the greatest beauty in Italy, should receive the deference and respect due to princes. Again will I give you a choice. Forget Mirandi—marry your cousin this night, or—but you know the alternative. Decide at once, for we have no time to lose in idle converse."

"My honored sire"—thus did Rena reply—"gladly would I obey you, were the sacrifice any thing less. As it is, my heart—ay, more—my principles forbid it. This in my answer."

"If this is your decision, you will repent it ere one year elapses. If you should at any time bring your mind to this marriage, write me, and I will sanction your return to Italy; otherwise, your residence will be in England, far from home and friends; and I shall take the necessary means to intercept all letters to and from you. Be ready to start early in the morning."

Before her departure, she found means of conveying a letter to Ernest, informing him of her destination, and received a note from him in reply, saying that he would meet her in England at a stated time, marry her, and bring her back to Italy, in spite of the opposition of a thousand fathers. She went—and we have seen her in England.

After standing awhile at the window, she returned to where she had been writing. She wrote a few minutes, then returned to the window, in great mental agony, and thus soliloquized:

"Ah! Destiny—hard, tyrannical Destiny! thine iron sway is over me, tearing me from all that makes life happy. Oh! my father, the time will come when thou wouldst fain clasp thy banished child to thy bosom, and canst not. Ernest! Ernest! I may never see thee, but—"

"I am here, dearest," uttered a manly voice from beneath the window.

"God of Heaven, I thank thee!" exclaimed Rena; and she burst into a passionate flood of tears, the first she had shed since her exile. In a moment, the sash was thrown up, and by the clear moonlight she saw that it was indeed her lover.

"Haste thee, dearest," said Ernest, "and collect what articles you wish to carry, and make as little noise as possible, so as not to awaken the family."

Your father, maddened by your long silence, is even now on his way hither, accompanied by your hated cousin, determined, at all hazards, that you shall marry that dissipated man. But I detain you. Make all haste, dear one; and, once in our carriage, I will trust my noble grays to carry us from the reach of all pursuers."

In a short time, Rena appeared at the window, equipped for her journey. She descended to the ground with safety, by means of a ladder which had been provided by Ernest, and was soon safely seated in the carriage.

"To Manchester!" said Ernest to the coachman; and they drove off at a rapid rate. On their way, Ernest informed Rena how the dangerous illness of his father had kept him so long from her, but he had written repeatedly. She very well knew why she had not received his letters.

They soon arrived at Manchester, where they were united; and as the man of God uttered those solemn words, "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder," their hearts ascended in gratitude to the Giver of good for the consummation of their happiness. They remained a few days at Manchester, then, after crossing the English Channel, proceeded by short and easy routes to Italy, where they settled upon a small estate, bequeathed to Ernest by a distant relative, far from their native home.

The next day after Rena's disappearance, the Count and his nephew arrived at Eva's residence, and found the inmates in great alarm and consternation at what they called the mysterious disappearance of their prisoner-guest. The Count's rage was unbounded. He charged them with conniving with Mirandi, and threatened them with all the impotence of rage, if they did not instantly inform him where she was; but he was soon convinced of their ignorance, by the sincerity of their grief.

His passion soon gave way to tenderer emotions. He feared she had destroyed herself, in a paroxysm of grief and despair. He caused every nook and avenue, for miles, to be searched, streams to be dragged, and every means used to discover her; but in vain.

His nephew proposed returning to Italy.

"What! return to Italy without my child—my only child? I cannot. Would to God she were now living, and the wife of Ernest Mirandi!"

But he found it useless to remain in England. He could hear no tidings of his lost one; and, with a reluctant and repentant heart, he returned.

Years rolled on. The old Count had long thought of his daughter as the companion of angels. He had long lost sight of Ernest, and his absence from the home of his childhood would sometimes raise a gleam of hope in the childless old man's breast; but it would as quickly vanish.

"Would to God," he would frequently exclaim, "would to God my daughter were now living, and the wife of Mirandi!"

His nephew had married, and the dissipated life he led caused him deeply to regret the strenuous measures used to force his daughter to marry him. He often drew comparisons between the young Count's conduct and the unsullied reputation Ernest had always borne; and he felt that, had he given Rena to Mirandi, he might now have been a happy man.

Ten years had passed since Rena's disappearance, when some official business called the Count di Albuli from the seclusion in which he lived, to a distant part of Italy. He was travelling slowly onward, one beautiful twilight, and had arrived within a few miles of his destination, when his horses suddenly took fright; and, notwithstanding the coachman's efforts to check them, ran with such speed as to overturn the carriage. The Count was thrown with much violence

against some fallen timber that lay by the road-side. His attendants hastened to his assistance, but for a long time life seemed extinct. They carried him to the nearest dwelling, a beautiful and exceedingly neat-looking building, where they were received with much hospitality, and every means was used to revive the injured Count, who had swooned on first entering the house. He soon breathed, and with difficulty unclosed his eyes.

"Rena!" he exclaimed.

"Who called my name?" said an elegant-looking lady, approaching the sofa upon which he lay.—"Surely that was my father's voice!"

A noble-looking man stepped to his side.

"Good God! Ernest Mirandi!"

"Yes, your son: forgive us—"

"Forgive us, father: oh! forgive us!" and Rena threw herself into the outstretched arms of the Count.

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed he, "thy wonder-working hand is manifest in this unexpected meeting. My child was dead, and is alive; was lost, and is found. my children, little need have you to ask forgiveness: rather should I bow my head in the dust—"

"Oh! say not so, dear father," said Rena: "rather let us all be thankful that your life is spared."

She left the room, and soon re-appeared, leading two children—one a boy of nine years, the other a lovely girl of five.

"You have not seen my treasures, father," she said. "Ernest and Rena, this is your grandfather."

"Sweet children! may they be a blessing and solace to you—even as you once were to me, and ever would have been, but for my own—"

"Speak not of it, father," she said. "We are happy now, and ever will be, I trust."

The Count was so badly injured that it was thought inexpedient to remove him for some weeks; and, when he had entirely recovered, he insisted so urgently on their returning with him, and making his now lonely home cheerful and happy by their presence, that they finally consented. Ernest disposed of his property, and, with deep regret, they left the spot where so many bright and happy years of their life had been spent.

The Count lived many years after these events, cheered by the kind attentions of his son and daughter. The young Ernest and Rena entirely won his heart by their playful innocence, and were particular favorites.

Death at last called the old Count from this world to a heavenly one, and he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors. His memory was ever dear to his children.

The young Ernest has now arrived at man's estate, and is the pride of his parents. Rena is said to be no less beautiful and amiable than was her mother, and is on the eve of matrimony with a young nobleman of her own country.

Having seen our characters through all their troubles, we will lay aside our pen, and, with a respectful bow, take leave of our readers.

Jackson, Ohio, March, 1847.

Original.

Letter from a Yankee Girl in Mexico, TO HER COUSIN IN NEW YORK.

ZACATECAS, MEXICO, March 4th.

Cousin Susan: I take up my pen to inform you that me and all the folks are well, and hope that you are enjoyin' the same blessin'. I've been to uncle Jake's these three months, and haint got no word from the old folks to hum yet: howsomever, I aint a bit hum-sick. Uncle has such a pleasant situation. His house, which is built of round logs, is surmounted by a beautiful turpentine walk, distending from the pizarro down to the bars. This is surmounted by some meshanic potatoes, which are now in full bloom. O, but stop: I've almost forgotten to tell you about the skule I'm go-

ing to now. Our skule-master come from somewhere in the United States. He teaches all sorts of big books. Bets Strickleham, why, she studies filos— O pshaw! I can't say sich big words. She is the best scholar in skule; and another thing, she's belle of the town, tu. She carries her head as high as any of your Nu York gals, I'll bet a cent; and she's plaguey good-lookin'. But, howsomever, she aint so big-feelin' as she used to be, since cousin Sam has gone to the war; for she's dreadful fear'd he'll git killed: but there aint much danger, for, accordin' to my notion, he's one of the smartest fellers in Mexico. But I must tell you what a rousin' big party we had to uncle's, last week. We had a tall time fixin. Every thing was moved and turned, and you would hardly have believed it was the same house. Arter the candles were all fixed in a row on the mantel-shelf, the gals begun to gather in: arter a while, the boys come, (but, mind, they wan't none of our smart boys, for they'd all gone to war.) Well, the gals set in one corner, and the boys in t'other; and there wan't a word said till Bets S— (her name is Betsy, but we call her Bets for short) begun to talk about big books, what we didn't none on us understand. Arter a while, we begun to play Simon, and sich like plays. Perty soon, aunt Sally come in, and told us to take some cheers. When we sot down, she come and gin each on us one of her best China plates and white-handled knives. She then went out agin: she staid so long this time, some of them begun to git impasent, and commenced eatin' nothin'. But they hadn't rattled their knives agin their plates long, afore in she come, and gin each on us a piece of cake and cheese: when they ate that, they all went hum. But I must tell how our belle was dressed. Her muslin dress her father sent clean to Nu Orleans arter; and it was so perty. It was as blue as the sky on a summer evenin', all sprinkled over with stars. She had on nu slips, but she didn't like them, so she took them off and put them into her work-bag. She had a braid of cousin Sam's hair, with here and there a bead, on her wrist. She had curled her yellow hair with a pipe-stem, and ornamented it with water-blossoms; and it looked splendoriferous. I know she outshined any of your city belles. But I'm afraid you'll git tired readin' this letter; but, when you answer it, tell all about your Nu York gals, and answer it as soon as you git it: and always remember your friend,

POLLY WALKER.

For round is the ring that has no end,

So is my love for you, my friend.

P. W.

Selected.

NOT BAD.—Mr. Macready was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals by giving every man his particular place on the stage, so that in the picture presented he should be the centre. This actor must stand here, that actor there—it was his will. On one of the nights of his last engagement in Boston, when he was to play Hamlet, he was very particular at rehearsal in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage, well down to the lights, and declared that there he intended to die. It so happened, that as the fatal moment was approaching, just after Hamlet had stabbed the king, that his majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in Hamlet's veins—he was in the agonies of death, but still he found time to say, sotto voce, to his step-father, "Back! back! I'm going to die there!" The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied, "I'm King, and I'll die where I d—n please—pick out a place for yourself;" and Hamlet was compelled to let his soul out further up the stage.

OVER a window in Richmond is this notice, in large letters: "Preparatory School for Boys of both sexes,"

EDITOR'S COLUMN.

"The only Amaranthine flower on earth is Virtue:
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

ROBERT V. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

ASHLAND, O., MARCH 20, 1847.

AGENTS FOR THE AMARANTH.

Mr MATHEW ALLISON is a Travelling Agent in the counties of Ashland, Wayne and Richland, for the STANDARD and AMARANTH. Persons wishing to subscribe for either of these papers can give their names to Mr ALLISON, with a perfect assurance that all money paid to him for our use will be promptly paid over to us.

FRANCIS HAMMER, of Mansfield, is an authorized Agent for the "Amaranth," for that town and vicinity.

JOHN M. NAYLOR, is hereby authorized and respectfully requested to act as Agent for the Amaranth in Wooster, and vicinity.

Our correspondents have enabled us to present our readers a most excellent paper to-day. The story by Mrs WEED, and our poetical articles, are really good. We return our sincere acknowledgments to the writers, hoping that we shall often hear from them. This number of the AMARANTH is worth the whole subscription price of the volume. Owing to the length of most of the articles in this number, we have not been able to give quite as much VARIETY as usual.

The Court will sit in this village next week—commencing on Monday. Farmers and others attending Court will have a fine opportunity of subscribing for this paper, or the STANDARD. We expect to obtain quite a large addition to our list.

New Works.

We have received several new literary works, which we have not room to notice at length to-day. It is our intention to devote a small portion of our paper to the notice and review of new Books, Magazines, &c., under the head of "EDITOR'S TABLE." This, we presume, will not be an uninteresting feature of the AMARANTH.

Thanks.

We return thanks to our friends of the press for their many flattering notices of the AMARANTH, and the very handsome manner in which they have sought to compliment our humble self. We do not like flattery, and hold the flatterer in no high repute; yet we are not wholly insensible to the good or bad opinions of our fellow-men. That individual who pays no regard to such opinions, is either a fool or a knave—his intellect so obtuse as to render him incapable of discriminating between good and evil, or his character so irredeemably base as to render him recklessly indifferent as to what is passing. Whencever we shall have it in our power to reciprocate the kindness of our brethren of the quill, we shall not hesitate to do so.

We would inform our brother editors throughout the country, to whom we have sent the AMARANTH, that we do not expect their papers in exchange so especially such as now exchange with the STANDARD. We will, however, make an exception in favor of the OHIO CULTIVATOR: we want two copies of THAT paper—one to copy from, and one to preserve.

Persons who may wish to take the AMARANTH will please bear in mind that we can still supply BACK NUMBERS of the volume. It would be well enough, however, for those who intend to subscribe to do so soon; for, should we continue to receive subscriptions as rapidly as we have for the last few days, the first three numbers will soon be out of print.

Original.

The Baptism of Christ.

Morning had come! It was a lovely morn:
 Each drooping bud, and bending spray
 Was glistening with glittering dew,
 And forest fountains filled the air
 With one continuous music-strain.
 The eastern sky glowed with rich tints,
 Betokening the sun's approach:
 And soon the air of burnished gold
 Rolled forth upon the mighty floor of heaven—
 And earth was robed in glorious light!
 Thus did the day awake, which was to view
 The baptism of Creation's Lord!—
 Morn sped apace—noon came—
 The dew-drops all had danced away
 Upon the polished beams of Sol;
 And the sweet gems of Flora slightly bowed
 Beneath the rays direct.
 The vaulted dome of heaven was mirrored
 In the glassy smiling breast of Jordan,
 Which gave back, with life-like truthfulness,
 The wide, expansive sheet of blue.
 Upon its banks a multitude had gathered,
 And with streaming eyes, and throbbing hearts,
 Stood listening to lofty strains of holy eloquence.
 Upon a cragged rock, which overhung the waters,
 Stood the Apostle John—his robe
 Was of coarse camel's hair—
 No jewels sparkled on his brow,
 Nor was he decked with garlands;
 But as he spoke to them, his voice
 Was low and tender, like some dream of music!
 At times a halo of divinity would flash upon his face,
 And a strange, unearthly brilliancy
 Kindled in his eye, as if some cherub
 From the realms of bliss whispered in his ear.
 Oh! with wild pure and fervent zeal he spoke!—
 Persuasion shined on his tongue,
 And many low before him bowed,
 In deep humility. He prayed:
 His voice was wafted on the spirit of the winged winds
 To the eternal throne!
 The day was nearly spent—evening was approaching:
 Yet still the people hasted not away.
 They stood spell-bound, it seemed,
 Watching, with very eagerness, each word
 That fell from those beloved lips.
 "I but baptize with water, but there cometh one
 The herald of whose shoes I am not worthy
 To unloose: his baptism is the Holy-Ghost and Fire."
 While yet he spake, the SAVIOUR came
 From Galilee to Jordan! His limbs were weary
 And his garments soiled, but in his eye
 There gleamed a holy, calm, and heavenly light:
 And as he neared the multitude,
 He asked for baptism. But the disciple,
 In his meanness and humility, forbade him:—
 "It is not meet that I should do this
 Unto thee. Thou who art the great
 And honored One—whose presence
 Fills blimable space—
 Whose glory gleams in every star
 Which shines in the heavens—
 Whose power is noted in the comet's flight—
 Whose brightness sparkles in the burning sun—
 Whose breath could speak into existence worlds—
 Whose ray destroy as soon as formed:—
 It is not meet that I, an instrument of thine,
 Should do what best becometh thee for me!"
 "Yet suffer me to be so now," was breathed
 In low, sweet tones, and they descended to the water!
 How solemn and impressive was the scene!
 The heavens were hung around the west
 In gorgeous folds of gold and crimson drapery:
 Now changing to a deep, dark, brilliant green

And purple; anon they'd fashion of their beauty
 Large wreathes of mimic flowers, or float
 In massive, silver pillars o'er the
 Azure depths of air; and as they mingled
 Thus their orient hues, a gentle, rosy light
 Enveloped earth—shedding a softening,
 Hallowed influence over Jordan's bosom!
 Each eye was fixed intent upon the scene;
 Silence reigned profound, save when
 The light winds stirred the foliage
 On the forest trees, or kissed the lily
 As it stooped to bathe its snowy cheek
 In the cool, sparkling wave.
 They came up from the water—
 A glow of beatific radiance o'erspread
 The countenance of the Saviour,
 And as he raised his eyes above,
 The depths of dusky blue rolled
 Back in mighty heaps, and from
 The highest heavens a window opened,
 And the Holy Spirit, as a gentle Dove,
 All innocence and purity, came fluttering
 On quickest wing, down, down immensity of space,
 Resting upon him!
 A cloud swept low, in solemn grandeur,
 From its sister train, o'ershadowing them,
 And from its bosom issued forth a voice,
 Terrible and deep—"This is my only son in whom
 I am well pleased!"

F. H. S.

Original.

CONVERSATION.

MAN is a creature formed by the great Author of the universe, and placed upon the planet Earth for wise purposes; and in order that he might be fitted for the different stations he is destined to fill, he is endowed with faculties susceptible of the highest improvement, and is capable of discerning between good and evil. He has desires and capacities for pleasures, and social conversation is one of the highest pleasures that can be enjoyed by rational beings. Dr. Watts speaks of conversation as being one of the five grand methods of improving the mind. Numerous are the benefits derived from reading, and also from observation. By reading, we gain a knowledge of the most elegant and refined authors of the world; for these have committed their matured thoughts to writing. Another benefit derived from reading of books is, that we may review what we read, consult and meditate on it at successive seasons, and in our serene and most retired hours, having the books always at hand; whereas, by conversation we know some of the present thoughts of the persons conversing. In free and friendly conversation, our intellectual powers are more animated, and our spirits act with superior vigor in quest of some unknown truths.—Conversation calls into light the knowledge that has been lodged in the most distant recesses of our souls. When we are conversing with an intimate friend, with whom we have passed our lives, how often do our thoughts revert to childhood, and recall to mind the many pleasant days and hours that have passed away, never to return! There is nothing more pleasing to the ear than to hear persons pouring forth the precious contents of their souls, in a free and easy address. As we listen to an individual conversing with all the energy of a refined mind—as he breathes forth his soul-stirring sentiments in full transports of delight and ardor, we become inspired with feelings of admiration; and, ere we are aware, we are carried away by the rich tones, and, as if by an electric shock, we also are touched, and powers are awakened within us, of whose existence we were before ignorant. Conversation is the key that unlocks the soul, and enables us to exhibit the treasures which are therein contained. Although the mind may be stored with useful know-

ledge, and with many pure and rich gems of thought, yet, if we are incapable of expressing them, they will be to others as sealed fountains, the sweetness of whose waters refreshes not. How important, then, that we should carefully cultivate an art capable of refining, strengthening and exalting the mind, and producing so great an amount of happiness! J. M. L.

THE HUMORIST.

Some pig-killer, in the pig-killing city of Cincinnati, gave the following toast at the recent anniversary dinner:

"BOBBY BURNS—The man whose character and writings knocked in the head of plebeian aristocracy, and formed the cleaver which separated the aristocracy of mind from the aristocracy of pretension. He was the fore-quarters of soul, the saddle of sentiment, and, in all that makes a man, he was a whole hog all round."

LOVER tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoi, at the same time Saxe was Marshal:

"The password is Saxe: now, don't forget it," said the Colonel to Pat.

"Faix! and I will not," answered Pat: "wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" asked the sentinel after he arrived at the post. Pat looked as confidently as possible, and in a sort of whisper-howl replied, "Bags, yer honor!"

A GOOD HIT—Gun Cotton.—The editor of an exchange paper says that he has been shown a specimen of gun cotton, and that after placing it in the palm of his hand and igniting it, it exploded producing but little noise or smoke, and leaving no dirt on the hand. He then asks a contemporary what he thinks of it; to which he replies, that if it left no dirt whatever on his hand, perhaps he'd better try it on his face once in a while!

A lady in Boston, of strong anti-Catholic prejudices, arraigned a young clergyman before the elders, because she had heard him say he believed in the masses.

An attempt to poison yourself is a rash act, but a slice of bacon is a rasher. A showery day is damp; but the refusal of a young lady is a damper.

"William," said a pretty girl, the other day, to her sweetheart in the Bovey, "I'm afraid you don't love me any longer." "Don't love you any longer!" replied Bill, "I don't do nothin' shorter!"

Elder James Taylor, one of the twelve apostles, has been engaged during the last year preaching in the North of England to the "Latter-Day Saints." One of his congregation, an adult female, assured the brethren that by faith she had expelled thirty-one devils from her cupboard.

THE AMARANTH

IS PUBLISHED AT THE STANDARD OFFICE,
 BY R. V. KENNEDY,
 PRINTED ON NEW TYPE, AND FURNISHED TO SUB-
 SCRIBERS, TWICE A MONTH, AT FIFTY
 CENTS A YEAR—[Always
 IN ADVANCE.]

No subscription received for a shorter period than One Year. BACK NUMBERS can at any time be furnished to persons who may wish to take the paper, as we intend to print a great many more numbers than we expect to get subscribers for. Send on your orders, accompanied with the Cash. An opportunity is here offered to get a GOOD PAPER for almost nothing! Who is "too poor" now to get a Paper? Echo answers—"WHO?"